

A
PINDARIQUE
POEM

Sacred to the Glorious Memory

OF

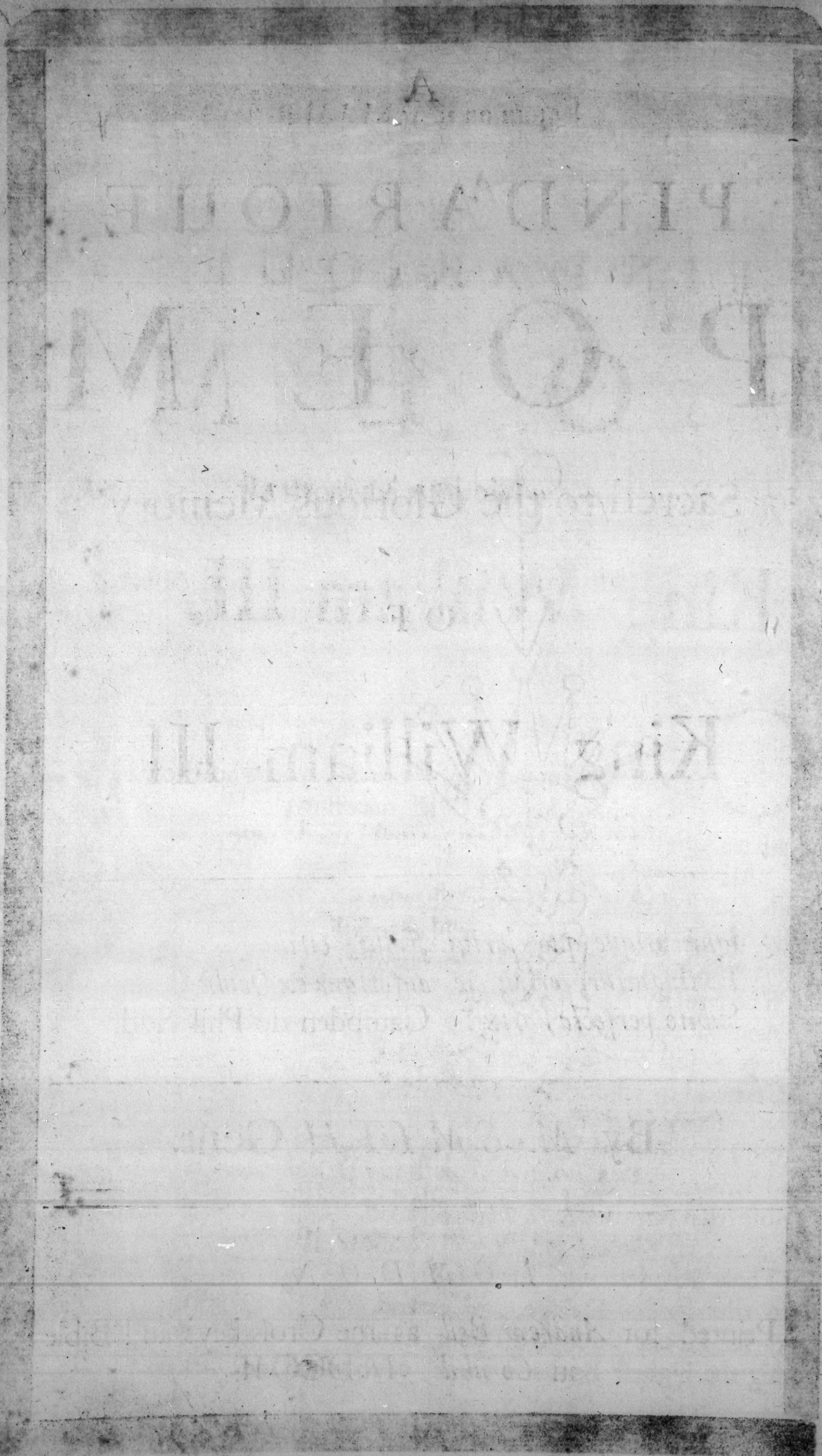
King William III.

*Ignis utique quo clarius effulset, citius
Extinguitur, eripit se aufertque ex Oculis
Subito perfecta Virtus. Cambden de Phil. Syd.*

By M. SMITH Gent.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Andrew Bell at the Cross-keys and Bible
in Cornhil. MDCC.II.



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P I N D A R I Q U E
P O E M

Sacred to the Glorious Memory of
King William III.

I.
C O M E all you Mournful Britains, you who know
To what Degree a Grief may flow,
And what a Grief Mankind & their greatest Loss do owe:
All you who justly prize
Both your Religion, and your Liberties;
Who have Compassion for your Native Soil,
From which no Bribery could e'er beguile;
Who equally hate Tyranny
And base abjected Slavery,
And have a just regard to your Posterity.
Come all to whom Tyrannick Grief
Denys Relief,
On Loss of Children, Friends or Wives,
And in them lost the Comfort of your Lives;
Those lesser Sorrows for a while suspend,
For here's an Ocean which will swallow all
Those Rivulets until they fall
Into that gen'ral Deluge, and extend
Its Floods through all your Land,
Too big the highest Banks to check, or to withstand.

II.

Great *WILLIAM* is no more !

Hark how it thunders round your frighten'd Shore
 Like the last Trump ! See how Amazement fits
 On ev'ry Face ! with what Convulsive Fits
 It shakes the Realm, as if their gen'ral Doom
 With all its dreadful Equipage were come !
 And well they may look sad and pale,
 And well their Sorrows may prevail,
 Well may they sigh and groan, and tear
 Their Garments and their Hair,
 And wring their Hands, and with aversion turn
 From every thing that does not seem to mourn ;
 Well may th' abhor all Mirth,
 Whilst solitary on cold Earth
 They pensive sit becoming their sad State,
 Becoming their impending Fate ;
 Well may their Tears in Oceans flow,
 Whilst in the Floods immers'd they lie,
 Till Tears the Floods no longer can supply ;
 For never to this Moment did they know
 So huge a Stroke of Fate, such a terrifick Blow.

III.

Those dismal Days we well remember, when
 Black sullen Clouds hung hov'ring in the Air,
 Pregnant of Storms, no Piece of Heav'n
 Appear'd serene or fair.
 Gigantick Ruin with *Briareus* Hands,
 Was seizing all our Lands ;
 With eager Fury making way
 For barbarous despotick Sway,
 And blind Idolatry of *Rome*,
 Whilst sad *Britannia* sunk beneath her threat'ning Doom.
 Our Senators were trampled on, our Laws
 Broke through or shatter'd into Flaws :
 Our Priests turn'd all Religion to a Fast,
 Expecting ev'ry Pray'r to be their last ;

Our Charters seiz'd, our Liberties destroy'd;
 Those who their Loyalty had crown'd
 With Hazard of their Lives, no Favour found,
 But made the Game and Sport
 Of Popish Harpies, which cram'd up the Court,
 And in all Posts of Honour were alone imploy'd.

IV.

Britannia fill'd with these Calamities,
 In vain she made her mournful Cries,
 In vain her famish'd Eyes
 Around she hurl'd
 Upon an unassisting, unaffected World:
 Her Sighs the Sport of Winds were made,
 Dispers'd to Foreign Coasts, but nere return'd with Aid:
 Till some to our Great Hero came,
 And gently fann'd his Holy Flame;
 Possessing thence his Mind,
 Ordain'd by Heav'n the general Relief of all Mankind:
 He saw her Suff'rings, how severe,
 And how unmerited they were;
 He who his early Days in Glorious Actions spent,
 And from Youth's early Dawn, ne'er knew what Fear
 For Honourable Enterprises meant,
 His Other great Heroick Acts to crown,
 Like a kind pity'ng God look'd down;
 And to our Shoars a Voyage made,
 And by indulgent Heav'n inspir'd, arriv'd with timely Aid.

V.

As when the Saviour of Mankind came down,
 From the bright Regions of Eternal Day,
 And left his dazling Throne and Radiant Crown,
 Necessities of Human Life t' obey:
 Tho Myriads of Angels always stand,
 With Flaming Swords at his Right Hand,
 Whom with a Nod he would command;
 He only brought the Olive Branch of Peace,
 By Love and Meekness to release
 Fetter'd Mankind from their Original Sin,
 In which so long they 'd hamper'd bin;
 Thereby t' obtain them Glorious Liberty,
 And crown'd with Immortality:

Our Monarch's great Intent
 Was to make him his Precedent :
 And without Blood or Desolation, wrought
 The mighty Work, and to Perfection brought ;
 Setting us thereby free
 From Popish Slavery,
 And all the curst Effects of cruel Tyranny ;
 Upon a Basis too so firm and sure
 The Structure's laid, that if our Crimes
 Provoke not Heav'n to change our Times,
 It may as long as Son and Moon endure.

VI.

As when the God of Day with Glorious Light
 Appears, the Obscene Birds of Night,
 With Screechings and vile Hootings take their Flight ;
 And hide in hollow Trees,
 Or lurk in Holes, obscure as these :
 The Wolves and other Beasts of Prey,
 Run howling fearfully away,
 And all whose Guilt cannot endure th' Approach of Day.
 So fled the Priests,
 And turn'd all their luxurious Feasts
 To Fasts and Prayers,
 To Sighs and Tears :
 In vain they pray'd,
 In vain they asked Aid
 Of Painted Saints, and Saints of Wood,
 Saints which no Language ever understood :
 Finding all their Efforts in vain,
 Nor hoping e're to be restor'd again,
 And trembling at the Nod
 Of our Great Monarch, who aw'd like a God ;
 Reluctant (to leave such a fertile Soil)
 They fled, and never since have plagu'd our Isle.

VII.

Thus were our *Haleion* Days restor'd again,
 Deliver'd from the cruel Jaws
 Of Barbarous, Blood-thirsty Men,
 Who neither Oaths nor Laws
 Can hold (if once they 'ave Power) fast,
 Absolved from the first, they trample on the last.

Our Holy Prelates now
In quiet to their Pastoral Charge resort,
Nor fear Imprisonments, or Frowns at Court:

The Priests before the Altar bow,
Nor fear Baal's Priests should any more
Their blind Idolatry restore,
The Sanctuary to profane,
Or strain misconstrued Laws again,
From the young Prophets tear their Colleges,
Leaving them naked of Supply,
Except they'd take the Crimson Dye
Of horrid Perjuries.

VIII.

Our Nobles now enjoy their large Estates,
Nor fear their antient Seats
Should be to Mother-Church deliver'd up,
Who swallows Lordships at a Sup.
The chearful Yeoman with his sweaty Brow,
May safely drive his furrowing Plow;
Securely fold his Sheep,
And as securely sleep,
In hopes the Fruits of all his Pains to reap:
Nor fear Dragoons at home, or Foreign Foes
Brought to assist them, crueller than those,
Should snatch the Product of his Soil,
And reap the Fruits of all his Toil.
The Tradesmen now may turn their Traffick round,
Their honest Pains with Profit crown'd;
And fear no *Quo Warranto's* to destroy
Their Liberties, and all that they enjoy.
All this we to our Hero ow'd,
His Wisdom and his Valour all these Blessings have bestow'd.

IX.

Alas! One sad and gloomy Day,
This Saviour of our Isle hath snatch'd away;
Whom mighty Armys could not shake,
Whose Sacred Life, no Hell inspired Plots could take,
Inexorable Death hath made his Prey.
Mourn wretched *Britain* his untimely Fate!
And let the flowing Grief through all your Realms dilate!
Be prodigal in Sorrows, set no Bound!
'Tis Meritorious to be drown'd

In Floods of Tears on such a Loss; for he
 Who can unmov'd, unshaken be,
 Must be most barbarous and rude,
 And stigmatiz'd with black Ingratitude.
 Away with dull Moralities
 Of Philosophick Sages, who
 Did think themselves so wondrous Wise,
 To Preach a Patience which they never knew!
 And gravely taught
 What Limits and what Bounds we ought
 To set our Passions, when had they our Cause,
 Themselves had broken their own Laws;
 And gone upon the Search to find
 Laws more proportion'd to the Nature of Mankind.

X.

When Ruin and Destruction hover'd round,
 Within, our Strength betray'd;
 Without, no Hope for Aid;
 No Glimpse of Comfort found:
 The Friends we had abroad,
 A pitying Sigh was all they could afford;
 They gaz'd upon the Mighty Flaw,
 They gaz'd alas! but with a shudd'ring Awe,
 And shook their Heads with sad Despair,
 Of finding any bold enough to dare,
 To make our sinking State their Care:
 They thought a tott'ring Realm,
 Enough the bravest Courage to oe'rwhelm,
 And that it rather was a Load
 Fit for the Shoulders of a God.
 Incompass'd with this dreadful Scene,
 Stept in our Hero, and our *Atlas* prov'd;
 And all the Causes of our Fear remov'd,
 And drove away our Storms, and made our Sky serene.

XI.

If ever Heav'n again you should provoke
 To give a second Stroak,
 And threaten you another Tyrant's Yoak;
 When with the Fate you are dismay'd,
 Where will you fly again for Aid?

Where will you then expect to find
 Such Virtue, such a Godlike Mind,
 Dispos'd to seek the Good of all Mankind?
 Weigh then his gen'rous Succour and Relief,
 And sute his Loss with equal Grief!
 Sute it? alas! it is in vain,
 Tho all your Moisture you should drain,
 Till scorching Sighs deny Supplies
 Unto your famish'd Eyes:
 For none can boast Ability
 To mourn so great a Destiny,
 But such informed Souls as his alone,
 By none but such his Worth is understood;
 They only know the Loss of so much Good,
 Whose Virtues do like his deserve a Royal Throne!

XII.

When our Tranquillity he had restor'd,
 And all our Grievs redrest,
 He took not (tho he gave us) Rest,
 But new Atchievements for our Good explor'd,
 And gloomy Clouds dispell'd, which seem'd in time
 To threaten Ruin in our Clime,
 While *France* at Universal Monarchy
 Level'd his cruel and voracious Eye;
 Not *Spain* and *Germany*,
 With all Confed'rate Princes join'd,
 Could stem the Tide of his Ambitious Mind,
 Till our Great Hero with his wonted Fire
 Did with new Vigour all those States inspire;
 The Tyrant then suspended soon his Boast,
 And truckled to our Monarch's Conqu'ring Host,
 Resign'd the Lawrel from his Brow,
 Whilst with Amazement stun'd,
 He was compell'd to yield
 The Glory of the Field,
 And the large Fruits of all his Toils refund.
 Thus was our Prince our Saviour first, our Guardian Angel now.

XIII.

Wretched *Britannia*, ah! unhappy State,
 Expos'd to all the Bolts of Fate,
 What Champion have you now that can withstand
 The Storms which threaten your unguarded Land?

What Valiant Chief your daring Youth to head,
 And lead them on to certain Victory?
 Your Valiant Chief, alas! is Dead;
 He who his warlike Legions taught
 As oft to vanquish as they fought,
 Lies vanquish'd now, alas! by Destiny.
 The Umpire he of *Europe* seem'd,
 The Fate of *Europe* too was deem'd;
 For which side e'er he pleas'd, he could prevail,
 To move the Beam, and turn the Scale;
 Of so much weight was his great Worth,
 And so esteem'd by all the Bravest Souls on Earth.
 He was our Sun, for by his Light
 We were led out of Mists, which threaten'd Night:
 From his bright Orb flow'd out such Streams
 Of Light unsully'd, by their Influence
 They Heat and Vigour did dispenge,
 And guilded all our Empire with their lucid Beams:
 Our Sun, alas! is set, and never more
 Will shine again upon our Dark and Gloomy Shore.

XIV.

Alas! how unsubstantial is
 The highest Human Bliss,
 At which Ambitious Mankind aim,
 Whilst with Fatigues and Toil
 They cultivate the barren Soil,
 Which nothing does produce
 Of solid Comfort, solid Use,
 But the thin airy Phantom, Fame?
 A Posthumous Endowment which ne'er can
 Felicify the Living Man:
 For be they ne'er so Virtuous ne'er so Just,
 It only consecrates their Dust.
 Behold the most Illustrious of Men,
 Who was the early Care of Heav'n,
 Who Great *Alcides* Steps did trace,
 And stript the *Macedonian* in his Race,
 And almost doubled his short Date:
 Yet tho he run at such a rate,
 And tho he did employ
 Each Moment to the highest Use,
 Yet what, alas! did all produce?
 He Toil'd, he Gain'd, but Liv'd not to Enjoy.

Yet Glorious is the Toil
 Of those Heroick Souls, who can forego
 The soft Delights and Pleasures here below,
 To make the Labours of their Mind
 The Good of all Mankind,
 Flying luxurious Supineness, while
 The Comforts they deny themselves, on others they bestow:
 Such was our Great Deliverer, alas!
 That we can only say he was,
 And is not still the same.
 Since then, forlorn *Britannia*, he
 So tender was of your Felicity,
 Oh! be as tender to his living Fame!
 And in your Grateful Memories imbalm his Glorious Name.
 And as his Fame Immortal is,
 So be your Gratitude Immortal too as this.
 Should so much Virtue be forgot,
 Your Names and Memory would rot,
 And all the World would cry,
 Behold that Barb'rous People, who
 Forget to whom their Benefits they owe;
 An Impious People, False and Rude,
 And stanch in all Ingratitude,
 And with all that is Good and Just at perfect Enmity:

XVI.

Revolve, *Britannia*, what prodigious Crimes
 Have tempted this Tremendous Blow of Fate;
 That have provok'd the Heav'nly Pow'rs
 In Indignation to make ours
 The most to be deplor'd of Times;
 Revolve, and then repent before it be too late.
 For lo! indulgent and long-suffering Heav'n,
 Whose Mercies so abound,
 So swiftly fly around,
 Their Flight anticipates the Wish of Men;
 Compassion still appears to take,
 And still appears to smile
 Upon this undeserving Isle;
 Still seeks our Good,
 By giving us a Princess of the Royal Blood.
 Oh! manage wisely this last Stake!

For if you should provoke
 Long-suffering Heaven to strike another Stroke,
 Then may you cry, but cry in vain
 To those incensed Pow'rs, to succour you again.

XVII.

We've now a Princess Native of our Clime,
 Matur'd by rip'ning Time;
 Inform'd by Revolutions in the State,
 And divers Dispensations of alternate Fate;
 And thence can better apprehend
 What Methods to our general Good may tend:
 A Princess Royally adorn'd with all
 The Glorious Attributes of Majesty;
 With Wisdom, Fortitude and Clemency,
 And all we Great and Good can call:
 Just to our Interest, firm to our Cause,
 And Resolute to Defend our Church, and to maintain our Laws.
 If with our selves we can accord,
 And all Divisions justly be abhor'd,
 (Divisions always Fatal to this Isle,
 By which alone we've been undone)
 If those Destructive Rocks we shun;
 If Penitent of all those Crimes
 Which have debauch'd our Times,
 And Heav'n again upon our Labours smile;
 We still may hope a Glorious Reward of all our Toil.

XVI.

F I N I S.